

(Conyright, 1865, by Bret Harte.) CHAPTER VIL-CONCLUDED.

They stood looking at each other. But Collinson was already himself again. The man of simple directness and no imagination saw only his wife before him-a little breathless, riding, but otherwise unchanged. Nor had he changed; he took her up where he had left | her her years ago. His grave face only broadened into a smile as he held both her hands

Yes, it's me-Lordy! Why, I was comin only tomorrow to find ye, Sadie! She glanced hurriedly around her. "To-to find me?" she said incredulously. "Sartain! That ez I was goin' to ask about ye goin' to ask about ye at the convent."
"At the convent?" she echoed with a

him, honey. He only saw you one't. But it he felt it give way beneath him, was along o' that, Sadie, that he told me he But there was no sound, only

"Chivers?" she repeated, gazing at her hus-band with bloodless lips. "Yes, an awful purty-spoken man. Ye'll sound, have to get to know him, Sadie. He's here with some of his folks az hez got inter river. trouble-I'm forgettin' to tell ye. You

"Yes, yes, yes!" she interrupted hysteri-cally; "and this is the mill?"
"Yes, lovey, the mill—my mill—your mill— the house I built for you, dear. I'd show it to you now, but you see, Sadie, I'm out here standin' guard."

"Are you one of them?" she said, clutching his hand desperately.

"No, devr." he sa'd sootbingly, "no, only, you see, I giv' my word to 'em as I giv' my house tonight and I'm bound to protect them and see 'em through. Why, Lordy, Sat'e, you'd have done the same for Chiver." you'ld have done the same-for Chivers. Yes, yes," she said, besting her hands to gether strangely, "of course. He was so kind to bring me back to you. And you might have never found me but for him."

She burst into an hysterical laugh, which the simple-minded man might have overlooked but for the tears that coursed down her bloodless face.

"What's gone o' ye, Sadie?" he said in a sudden fear, grasping her hands. "That laugh ain't your'n—that voice ain't your'n. You're the old Sadie, ain't ye?" He stopped. For a moment his face blanched as he glanced toward the mill, from which the faint sound of bacchanalian voices came to the quick ear "Sadle, dear, ye ain't thinkin' anything ag'r me? Ye ain't allowin' I'm keepin' anythin

Her face stiffened into rigidity; she dashed the tears from her eyes. "No," she said quickly. Then after a moment she added, with a faint laugh, "You see we haven't seen each other for so long—it's all so sudden—so unexpected." "But you kem here, just now, calkilatin' to

find me?" said Collinson gravely.
"Yes, yes," she said quickly, still grasping
both his hands, but with her head lighty turned in the direction of the mill.
"But who to'd ye where to find the mill?" he said, with gentle patience.
"A friend," she said hurriedly. "Perhaps,"

she added with a singular smile, "a friend of the friend who told you." "I see," said Collinson, with a relieved face and a broadening smile, "it's a sort of fairy story. I'll bet, now, it was that old Barker

man that Chivers knows." Her teeth gleamed rigidly together in the moonlight, like a death's head. "Yes," she said dryly, " it was that old Barker woman. Say, Seth," she continued, moistening her lips, slowly, "you're guarding this place "Thar's another fellow up the tra! - a sen-

try-but don't you be afeared, he can't hear

"On this side of the mill?" Why, Lord love ye! Sadle, t'other side o' the mill it drops down straight to the

valley; nobody comes yer that way but poor, low-down emigrants. And it's miles round to come by the valley from the summit."
"You didn't hear your friend Chivers say that the sheriff was out with his posse tonight

Did you?" "I think I heard something of that kind at Skinner's, but it may have been only a warn-

Thet's so," said Collinson, with a tender "but none o' these yer road agent would have teched a woman. And this yes Chivers ain't the man to insult one, either."
"No," she said, with a return of her hysteric laugh. But it was overlooked by Col-linson, who was taking his gun from beside the tree where he had placed it. "Where are you going?" she said suddenly. "I reckon them fellers ought to be warned what you heard. I'll be back in a minit."

"And you're going to leave me now-when when we've only just mat after these years,' she said, with a faint attempt at a mile, which, however, did not reach the cold itter of her eyes.
"Just for a little, honey. Besides, don't

you see, I've got to get excused, or we'll have to go off to Skinner's or somewhere, Sadie, for we can't stay in thar along o

"So you and your wife are turned out of your home to please Chivers," she said, smiling.
"That's whar you slip up, Sadie," said
Collinson, with a troubled face. "for he's
that kind of a man thet if I jest as much as
hinted you was here he'd turn 'em all out o'

propose to let on anything about you till to-morrow." "Tomorrow will do," she said, still smil-

but with a singular abstraction in her "Fray don't disturb them now. You say there is another sentinel beyond. He is enough to warn them of any approach from the trail. I'm tired and ill—very ill! Sit by me here, Seth, and wait! We can wait here

ure closer to him, felt it trembling with a nervous expeciation. Suddenly she threw him off and rose to her feet with a cry. "There!" she screamed frautically, "they've me! they've come!" A rabbit had run out into the moonlight

before them, a gray fox had dashed from the a little flurried, a little dishevelled from rapid thicket into the wood, but nothing else.

The sheriff and his posse! They're surrounding them now. Don't you hear?" she

There was a strange rattling in the direction of the mill, a dull rumble, with wild shouts and outcries, and the trampling of feet on its wooden platform. Collicson staggered to his feet, but at the same moment he was both clung helplessly to the tree, with their eyes turned toward the ledge. There was a dense cloud of dust and haze hanging over it. She uttered another cry, and ran swiftly toward the rocky grade. Collinson ran quickly after her, but as she reached the grade he suddenly shouted, with an awful revelation in his voice, "Come back! Stop. Her face whitehed in the moonlight."

The goar is a specific to ask about ye at the convent."

The convent?" she said blankly.

The convent of the blinking, and Mr. Thimble-finger can wave his hands."

"Enough!" interrupted Key, hurriedly, with a slight color. "I will go at once. I do not know this man, but I will do my best to find him. And this—this—young girl? you say you have no trace of her? May she not say you have no trace of her? May she not still be here? I should have some clew by which to seek her—I mean that I could give to the rother."

Her face whitehed in the moonlight. She had already disappeared, and as he carried was seeking the convent to—"Enough!" interrupted Key, hurriedly, with a slight color. "I will go at once. I do not know this man, but I will do my best to find him. And this—this—young girl? you say you have no trace of her? May she not still be here? I should have some clew by which to seek her—I mean that I could give to the rother."

"Alt the convent." Should only the finger can wave his hands."

"Well," said Mrs. Meadows, "once upon a find him. And this—this—young girl? you say you have no trace of her? May she not still be here? I should have some clew by which to seek her—I mean that I could give to her brother."

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"Alt the convent." S thrown violently against his wife, and they both clung helplessly to the tree, with their eyes turned toward the ledge. There was a

was along o' that, Sadie, that he told me he reckoned you wasn't dead, and told me how to find you. He was mighty kind and consarned about it and he eyen allowed I'd better slip off to you this very night."

"Chierra" has reported. from the woods beyond that increased in relief. sound, and an hour later the dry bed of the old mill stream was filled with a rushing

CHAPTER VIII.

Preble Key returned to his hotel from the convent, it is to be feared, with very little of Preble Key returned to his hotel from the convent, it is to be feared, with very little of that righteous satisfaction which is supposed to follow the performance of a good deed. He was by no means certain that what he had done was best for the veryes of the had been supposed to follow the performance of a good deed. He was by no means certain that what he had done was best for the veryes of the had.

Say the newly virgin and you, she said to door, she they'd hear they could have no Sunday clothes and shoes because of the drouth. The next year they'd hear they could have no Sunday clothes action came over Key. His romantic belief in the interposition of Providence was not they could have no shoes and Sunday clothes without a tendency to apply the ordinary "All this set them to thinking. The boy was by no means certain that what he had done was best for the young gri. He had rules of human evidence to such phenomena only shown himself to her as a worldly moni-tor of dangers of which her innocence was providentially unconscious. In his feversh what if it were only a trick to get rid of him. haste to avert a scandal he had no chance to while the girl, whose escapade had been dis-

sudden step she had taken. At neon tolsy she escaped from the convent!" Key, who had been following her with re-lisf, sprang to his feet at this unexpected

"Escaped!" he said. "Impossible!" mean," he added, hurriedly recalling himself, "your rules, your discipline, your attendants are so perfect."

"The poor impulsive creature has added sac-riege to her madness—a sacrilege we are willing to believe she did not understand, for she escaped in a religious habit—my own." "But this would sufficiently identify her," he said, controlling himself with an effort. "Alas, not so! There are many of us who approach on our relessions in these samments. go abroad on our missions in these garments, and they are made all alike, so as to divert rather than attract attention to any individuality. We have sent private measurers in all directions, and sought her everywhere, but without success. You will understand that we wish to avoid scandal, which a more that we wish to avoid scandal, which a more bottom of the apring when all the company was sitting around, that Mrs. Meadows re-

that we wish to avoid scandal, which a more public inquiry would create."

"And you come to me," said Key, with a return of his first suspicion, in spite of his eagerness to cut short the interview and be free to act—"to me, almost a stranger?"

"Not a stranger, Mr. Key," returned the religieuse, gently, "but to a well known man—a man of affairs in the country where this unhappy child's brother lives—a friend that I'm almost afraid to tell any that I'm almost afraid to tell any

kindly gentleman who knows what who only have dear relations of his own, and who only yesterday was seeking the convent to—"Enough!" interrupted Key, harriedly, "Well," said Mrs. Meadows, "once upon a "Well," said Mrs. Meadows, "once upon a

San Francisco before we discovered her ght. We believe it was the poor child's infor her friend-or, perhaps, alas! to seek "Matters went from bad to worse, and the

"May the holy virgin ald you," she said



IT WAS THE REAL SERAPHINA WHO STOOD BEFORE HIM.

naive but more dangerous expression which he might not have the opportunity to check. He tossed wakefully that night upon his pillow, tormented with alternate visions of her adorable presence at the ho'el, and her bow d renurclating figure as she re-in ered the convent gate. He walted expectantly the next day for the message she had promised, and which he believed she would find some way to send. But no message was forthcoming. The day passed and he became alarmed. The fear that her escapade had been discovered aga'n seized him. If she were in close restraint she could neither send to him, nor could be convey to her the solicitude and sympathy that filled his heart. In her childish frankness she might have confessed the whole truth, and this would only shut the doors of the convent against him, under his former pretrat, but mpromise her still more if he body called. He wayland the afternoon procession; she was not among them. Utterly despairing, the wildest plans for seeing her passed through his brain-plans that recalled his hot-headed youth, and a few moments later made him smile at his extravagance, even while it half frightened him at the reality of his pission. He reached the hotel heartsick and despirate. The porter met him on the steps. It was with a thrill that sent the blood leaping to his cheeks that he heard the man say:

"Sister Seraphina is waiting for you in the sitting room." There was no thought of discovery or scan-dal in Preble Key's mind now; no doubt or hesitation as to what he would do, 2s he sprang up the staircase. He only knew that he had found her again, and was happy. Ho burst late the room, but this time he remem-bered to shut the door behind him. He looked eagerly toward the window where she had stood the day before, but she now arose quickly from the sofa in the corner where she had been seated, and the missal she had been reading rolled from her lap to the floor. He ran toward her to pick it up. Her namethe name she had told him to call her-was passionately trembling on his lips, when she

explain his real feelings; he had, perhaps, covered, was either under restraint in the even exposed her thwar, ed impulses to equally convent or hiding in Santa Luisa? Yet this convent or hiding in Santa Luisa? Yet this did not prevent him from mechanically con-tinuing his arrangements for departure. When they were completed and he had barely time to get to the station at San Laws, he again lingered in vague expectation of some

determining event. The appearance of a servant with a telegraphic message at this moment seemed to be an answer to this instinctive feeling. He tore it open hastily. But it was only a single line from his foreman at the mine, which had been repeated to him from the company's a house and whenzy voice. He same! San Francisco. It read, "Come at

once—important."

(To be Concluded.)

THIS IS NO TIME

This is no time.

To Stand Idly and Let the Procession Pass You.

It is a pleasant thing to know that in some sections of this country you can locate and not have a long, cold winter to fight, nor distressingly hot, enervating, summer season to contend with. It is equally gratifying to know that in such a section as the one referred to, the generous soil permits of your raising, not one, but two to four crops of vegetables each year and selling them at the highest prices to the consumers of the whole United States. The dread of a blighting drouth does not, in such a region, stare the worker of the soil in the face, nor does the necessity of providing for four to five months of winter weather enter into his calculations. In the ballny atmosphere of the Orchard Homes regions you are never snow haund or ice imprisoned. You are not confined to the regults, good or bad, of one crop a year, but on the contrary you have three or four crops, raised on the same ground, to depend upon each year. In fact it is no exaggeration to say that the intelligent, hard-working man can so arrange as to have something in the way of a crop to turn off each month of the arrange as to have something in the way of a crop to turn off each month of the of a crop to turn off each month of the twelve, and what is more, something that will bring him the money he has by his hard work justly earned. To the people of our own section it seems like a fairy tale to tell them that in the Orchard Homes region they can get from each acre of land properly cultivated, a return of from \$290.00 to \$400.00 every year, according to the care and labor expended by them on this most fertile, never-falling ground. We have seen one party in that face. "Przy don't disturb them now. You say there is another sention beyond. He has a make has dat old him to call her—was purched to have then of any approach from the now. Seth, and wait! We can wait here together—we have waited so long, Seth—and the end has come now." Sentiment of the content of the co

THIMBLEFINGER AND MR. RABBIT.

New Stories of Mrs. Meadows and Her Queer Friends.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. (Copyright, 1995, by Joel Chandler Harris.) Never were three more famous story tellers together than Mr. Rabbit, Mrs. Meadows aml little Mr Thimblefinger, and certainly tales were never told to listeners more eager than Sweetest Susan, Buster John and

man—a man of affairs in the country where this unhappy child's brother lives—a friend who seems to be sent by heaven to find out this brother for us and speed this news to him. We come to the old pupil of Father Cipriano, a friend of the holy church; to the kindly gentleman who knows what it is to have dear relations of his own, and who only labeled the service of the winking. The father can be seen to a war of the winking, the Tarham and the country where the target told. I'm such a poor hand at telling tales that I'm almost afraid to tell any that I know. I've heard a great many in my day and time; but the trouble is to pick out them that don't depend on a wink of the eye and a wave of the hand."

"Give us a taste of it, anyhow," suggested Mr. Rabbit. "Til do the winking, the Tarham almost afraid to tell any that I know." I've heard a great many in yellow them that don't depend on a wink of the eye and a wave of the hand."

"Give us a taste of it, anyhow," suggested Mr. Rabbit. "Til do the winking, the Tarham almost afraid to tell any that I know." I've heard a great many in yellow them that don't depend on a wink of the eye and a wave of the hand."

r face whitened in the moonlight. Sadie, for God's sake!" But it was too late.

She had already disappeared, and as he reached the rock on which Chivers had leaped San Luis, she could have easily taken a train get the weather. Now this farmer never could be reached the rock on which Chivers had leaped San Luis, she could have easily taken a train get the weather he wanted. One year the rain would come down and drown out his crops, and the next year the drouth would

> "And this friend left yesterday morning" but the rain and the drouth. One year they was a singular murmuring and whispering from the woods beyond that increased in now, as there is no time to be lost, I will said they would have been very well off but make my arrangements to take the next for the rain. So it went on from year to train." He held out his hand, paused, and for the rain. So it went on from year to year, until the children, the boy and the said in almost boylsh embarrassment: "Bid girl, grew up large enough to understand me God speed, Sister Scraphina!" what their father and mother were talking about. One year they'd hear they could

"All this set them to thinking. The boy was about 10 years old and the girl was about 9. One day at their play they began to talk as they had heard their father and mothe talk. It was early in the spring and their

so cold and hungry when the les grows in the pond and on the trees, may be they'll take This clan pleased the boy, and the two

children continued to talk it over, until finally they agreed to go in search of the Rain and the Drouth. 'Do you,' said the boy, 'go in search of Brother Drouth and I will go in search of Uncle Rain. When we have found them we must ask them to visit our father's house and farm and see the trouble and ruin they have crustd."

"This goat, said Brother Drouth, worth more than all the goats in the worth more than all the goats."

pointed it out, told the boy goodbye and then went differing back home. The boy went forward boldly and knocked at the door

of Uncle Rain's house.
"'Who is there?' inquired Uncle Rain in have the astems, the choking quinzy and the

croup all at the same time. "It's only me, said the boy. 'Please Uncle Rain, open the door.' "With that Uncle Rain opened the door

trying hard to keep from laughing.
"A dry spat," replied Mrs. Meadows, solemnly. "Uncle Rain went to the closet and got out a dry spot. Of course," she continued, "Uncle Rain had to keep a supply of dry spots on hand so as to make his visitors comfortable. It's a great thing to be polite. Will, the boy sat on the dry spot and, after some remarks about the weather. Uncle Rain asked him why he had come so far over the rough reads. Then the boy told Uncle Rain the whole story about how poor his father was and how he had been made poorer year after year first by Brother Drouth and then by Uncle Rain. And then he told how he and his little sister had to go without shoes and weat thin clothen in

cold weither all because the crops were ruined year after year either by Brother Drouth or Uncle Rain. "He told his story so simple and with so much feeling that Uncle Ra: a was compelled to wipe his eyes on the corner of the for that hung on the towel rack behind the door. He asked the boy a great many queztions about his father and mother.

silver cord, a little black sheep. It was very amail, but seemed to be full grown, because it had long horns that curied round and round on the sides of its head. And, although the horns were long and hard, the little sheep was very friendly. It rubbed its head softly against the boy's hand and seemed to be found of him at first sight.

"Uncle Rain untied the silver cord and placed the loose end in the boy's hand. Here is a sheep, he said, 'that is worth more than all the flocks in the world. When you want gold, all you have to do is to press the golden spring under the left horn. The horn will come off and you will find it full of gold. When you want silver, press the silver spring under the right horn. The horn will come off and you will find it full of silver. When the horns have been emptied, place them back where they helong. This may be done, once, twice or fifty times a day."

The hoy didn't know how to thank Uncle Rain enough for this wonderful gift. He was so anxieus to get home that he would have started off at once.

"Wat's a minute,' said Uncle Rain. You

low powder. By these signs the girl knew that she was not far from the house of Cou-in Dust and presently she say it in the distance. She went to the deor, which was open, and inquired the way to Brother Drouth's. Cousin Dust was much surprised to see a little girl at his door, but after a long fit of coughing he recovered himself, and told her that she was now in Brother

Drouth's country.
"'If you'll show me the way,' said the girl, Til be more than obliged to you."
"Til go a part of the way with you," said Cousin Dust, 'and lend you a fan besider.'
"So they went along until they came in sight of Brother Drouth's house, and then Cousin Dust went eddying back home in the shape of a small whiriwind. The girl want to Brother Drouth's door and knocked. Brother Drouth came at once and opened the

door and invited her in.
"'I'll not deny that I'm surprised,' said he, for I never expected to find a little girl knocking at this time of day. But you are we'come. I'm glad to see you. You must have come a long journey, for you look bet.'

"With that he went to the cupboard and got her a cool place to sit on, and this she found very comfortable. But still Brether Drouth wasn't satisfied. As his visitor was a little girl, he wante is Ne extra polite and and the side of the satisfied of the satisfi title girl, he wanted to be extra polite, and se

he went to his private closet and brought her a fresh breeze with a handle to it, and as the cool place has a cushloned back and the fresh breeze a handle that he girl could manage, she felt better in Brother Drouth's house than she had at any time during her long jurney. She sat there on the cool place and fanned with the fresh bleeze, and Brother Drouth sat in his big armchair and smiled at her. The little girl noticed this af er a while,

"'Oh, you can laugh, but it's no laugh'ng matter. If you could see all the trouble you've caused at our house you'd laugh on the other s de of your mouth.'

"When he heard this, Brother Drouth at once became very serious and apologized. He said he wasn't laughing but just am ling because he thought she was enjoying he self.
" Himsy be enjoying myself now," said the little gri, 'and I'm much obliged to you, but if I was at home I wouldn't be enjoying my-

"Then she went on to tell Brother Drouth how her father's crops had been ruined year after year either by Uncle Rain or by Brother Drouth, and how the family got poorer and talk. It was early in the spring and their father was even then ploughing and preparing his fields for pisnting another crop.

"We will have warm shors and good clothes next winter if the Rain doesn't come and stay too long," said the boy.

"Yes,' replied the girl, 'and we'll have good clothes and warm shoes if the Drouth doesn't come and stay too long,'

"I wender why they've got such a spite against us?' remarked the boy.

"I'm sure I don't know,' replied the girl, if we go and see them and fell them who we are, and beg them not to make us so cold and hungry when the ice grows in the said he was very sorry that he had taken part in any said time on that account, so that the little children couldn't have warm shoes and thick clothes in cold weather, but had to go barefooted and wear rags. Brother Drouth listened with all his ears, and when the little girl had told her story he shook his head and said that he was to blame as well as Uncle Rain. He explained that for many years there had been a trial of strength going on between him and Uncle Rain, and they had become so much interested in overcoming each other that they had paid no attention to poor people's crops. He said he was very sorry that he had taken part in any them coming each other that they had paid no at-tic us tention to poor people's crops. He said he in the was very sorry that he had taken part in any such affairs. Then he told the little girl that he thought he could pay her back for a part of the damage he had done, and that would be more than glad to do so. "Says he: 'Bring your cool place and your fresh breeze with you and come with me. "She followed Brother Drouth out into the barn yard, and into the barn, and there, tied by a golden cord, she saw a snow white

next morning, after eating a piece of corn breakfast, they started on their journey, the boy going to the cast and the girl to the aouth. The boy traveled a long way and for many days. Sometimes he thought he would never come to the end of his journey, but finally he came to Courin Mist's house and there he inquired his way.

"What do you want with Uncle Rain? asked Cousin Mist's house and there he indiressed properly. When people go to court they have to wear a certain kind of dress. In your case you ought to have a big umbrells and arrolly cloth overcost."

"Well,' replied the boy, 'I haven't got 'em and that's the end of that wast of the control of the cast of the control of the cast of the cast of the control of the cast of the cast of the control of the cast of the cast of the control of the cast of the control of the cast of the

ome off, and each horn, no matter how many times you touch the spring, you will always and that's the end of that part of it. If you'll show me the way to Uncle Rain's house I'll go on and be much obliged to boot.

"Cousin Mist looked at the boy and laughed. "You are a bold lad," he said, and since you are a bold I'll lend you an umbreal and any oll cloth overcoat and so a break and any oll cloth overcoat and so a later than a long the many other goat."

brells and sp oil cloth overcoat and go a part of the way with you. "The little girl thanked Brother Drouth "So the boy put on the overcoat and until he would allow her to thank him no hoisted the umbrella and trudged along the muddy road toward the house of Uncle Rain. When they came in sight of it Cousin Mist said she was welcome to both of them.

"Thanking Brother Drouth again and again, the girl started on her journey, leading her wonderful goat, and carrying with her the sool place and the fresh breeze. In this way she made the long journey with ease and comfort, and came to her father's house without any trouble. She reached the gate, too, just as her brother did. They were very giad to see each other, and the sheep and the goat appeared to be old friends, for they rubbed their noses together in friendly with that there itain opened the door and invited the little fellow in. He did more than that. He went to the closet and got out a dry spot and told the boy to make himself as comfortable as he could."

"Got out a what?" asked Buster John, "Till make our father and mother rich."

'I'll make our father and mother rich, said the boy, proudly.
"'And I'll make them richer,' said the girl, still more proudly. "So they took their wonderful goat and sheep into the stable, gave them some hay to eat, and then went into the house."

A True Story of Georgia Frontier lafe a Hundred Years Ago. BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Maurice Thompson.) When I was a boy I knew an old negro man by the name of Sam who, on count of a peculiar distortion of shoulders and neck, was called His Hump-He was to all intents back Sam. but he had a white guardian who looked after him in a way; and it was from Humpback Sam that I got the story which I am ready to tell. While I have no doubt that in its main facts the story is true, there is no recorded evidence of it, and little to correborate it beyond the few incidents con tions about his father and mother.

"I recken, said Uncie Rain, finally, 'that I have done all of you a great deal of damage without knowing it, but I think I can pay it back. Bring the dry spot with you and come with me. He went into the barnyard, and the boy followed. They went into the barn and there the boy saw, tied by a silver cord, a little black sheep. It was very amail but seemed to be full grown becaus:

| Correborate it beyond the few incidents connected with the history of the Harris family during the early days of Georgia's history, when the Indians were doing a great deal of bloody work along the frontier lines.

| Humpback Sam in his youth was the only who, with his wife and one son, lived in a comfortable log cabin in southern Georgia.

Rain enough so was an anxious to get home that he would have started off at once.

"Wait a minute," said Uncle Rain. You may tell your father about this, but he must tell no one else. The moment the secret of the sheep is told outside your family, it will no longer be valuable to you.

"The boy thanked Uncle Rain again and started home leading his wonderful sheep, which troited along after him as if it were glad to go along. The boy went home much famer than he shall gone away and it was not long before his reached there."

"But what became of the little girl?" asked Sweetest Susan, as Mrs. Meadows paused a moment.

But a few minutes had passed when Sam came back looking scared.

"What's up, Sam?" Stephen demanded, sering the negro's eyes so wide.

leoked forward with intelligence he would have realized that his approaching trial was really a necessary step in human progress and that he and Sam were helping to make a great nation. Stroke by stroke, hardship after hardship, won our beautiful and bountiful country from the savages and the stubborn resistance of malaria and the

wilderness.

But Stephen Harris was an ignorant boy and could not feel any importance in his acts save the immediate clearly defined reacts save the immediate clearly defined re-sults to himself and his home people. As soon as he knew that some Indians were prowling near, his first concern was self-preservation, and forthwith he began to recken the chances of escape. From the very nature of things, open flight by day would be the height of felly. The first thing to find out was the probable number of the agazes, and from this their

cats stealing upon their prey. Coming forth from the depth of the swamp jungle early in the night, they crawled along nois les ly until they found themse ves close to the old stable, into which they went looking or rather feeling for horses. And so sly were hey that Stephen and Sam did not su pact their presover a pile of rough boards and gave out the

spasmodic embrace and down they went together, along with the whole heavy loft of the stable. A part of the roof also fell in. disturbed by the kicking up of some of the loft beams, and the noise was quite terrible. It began with a snep and ended in a widely reverberating smash. At first Stephen and Sam thought it was all over with them; for down came a lot of

poles and the like upon their backs, while at the same time they felt the falling floor under them strike the ground with a great thump. For a moment they could not

and the fresh breeze, but and the fresh breeze, but then said she was welcome to both of them. Sid she was welcome to both of them. Sid she was welcome to both of them. Sid she was welcome to both of them. When once he realized to some extent what can put them away, but when it is warm when once he realized to some extent what had bappened. Stephen was it, however, slow to act. By a great effort he freed himself from the mass that had fall in upon him, self from the mass that had fall in upon him, self from the mass that had fall in upon him, self from the mass that had fall in upon him, self from the mass that had fall in upon him, self from the mass that had fall in upon him. and burt as he was, he began groping for Sam, whose greans were jird y nearly smothered. Then, too, he heard other soun's of distress, which seemed to come from despir down. He worked heroically, but all to no purpose, and finally fainted from his hur's and exhaustion and lay like one dead throughout the remainder of the night.

Meantime a body of white men, under mm-nd of the brave, but ecceptric, Captain Rod rck McIntosh, had met the man bedy of the Iodians and given them a bleedy de-feat, killing many. After the fight, McIn-tosh, knowing that the Harris family lived near, went to look after them, and found Stephen just recovering from his faining fit and Sam still grouning and r some boards and poles. Both were rescued and nursed back to health and strength, but Sam had troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get received such injuries to his shoulders and relief. This medicine has been found to be

Lip n examination four savages du'y drubel with war paint were found under the heavy floor of the loft, which had fallen upon them and crushed them to death. Capta n Miletan and crushed with diszy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strongth are guaranteed by its use. Only fifty cents at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store.

make him thoughtful. He instantly knew that they two had to meet one of the awful sam himself.

Sam himself. THE MOON AT CLOSE RANGE.

Wonderful Instrument Will Limn Its Not only today, but in all ages, men have been anxiously endeavoring to salve the mystery of the moon. The ancients made her their goddess, and entered upon no new undertakings without first asking her advice and consulting the probabilities of the influence with which even today many su-

perstitious persons endow her.

The lens has long been regarded as the means by which we will be enabled, if at all, to study the moon's mysteries. The

section to limited and his home people. As providing near, his first concern was self-preservation, and forthwith he began to recken the chances of escape.

From the very nature of things open the control of the cont

## PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"We had a number of distinguished visiters come in upon us not long ago," says Edgar William Nye, the North Carolina humorist. "We made them welcome and invited them to supper. I happened to be feeling particularly well that evening, and, if I do say it myself, I made myself exceedingly agreeable. After having recounted one of my most amusing anecdotes I was pained to overhear the following conversation between one of our guests and my younger daughter, a sweet child of 7 years; "Turning to my daughter and smiling radiantly the visitor said: 'Your papa is a very funny man, isn't be, my dear' answered the sweet child with charming naivete; 'he always is when we

A boy's fishing pole was fastened to the sitting in the sun playing with his idling the time away, as he had been fish ing all day and caught nothing. "Fishing?" inquired the man passing.

"Yes," answered the boy. "Nice dog you have there; what is his "Fish."

"Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. What do you call him that for?" " 'Cause he won't hite. Then the man proceeded on his way

Her Mother-Bessle, dear, I am serry to see my little girl show such a lack of respect for her seniors. When a neighbor comes to on us you should sit quietly and not speak unless you are speken to. You do not mean to be desrespectful, I am sure, but you should think of the impression you are making on our neighbors, and you will try hereafter, I hope th-Bess'e-You'd better look out, mamma.

You'll talk yourself to death. "Johnny, Willie says you threw him down and jumped on him with both "Weil, ma, I was just playin" "What sort of play do you call that?"

Auntie-Johnnie, you must never be afraid to tell the truth. Johnnie-No, auntie, I ain't. It's to tell a lie without being afraid that bothers me.

Did You Ever. neck that he was ever after a humpback, peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful killed by the Indians.

## QUALITY MUST WIN. DELLA FOX BOUQUET

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tation and popularity the Della Fox Boquet Cigar

has attained. Send us your mail orders. We will send you the most attractive advertising matter ever put out with a cigar, such as large glass signs, cigar lighter, small signs, etc. and we GUARANTEE that the cigar will give your trade the

"I am coming to her row," sa'd Mrs. Meadows. "The g'r! according to the bargin that had been made between her and her brother, was to visit Brother Drouth and lay her complaints beforeshim. So at a strated on her way. As she avant along the road began to get drier and doing the road began to get drier and the grass on the grass on the ground and the liaves on the trees began to Steele-Smith Grocery Co.,